

FEARLESS 63





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S.A. Griffin

the unspeakable journey into the future

towards that state of grace here it is you think you
never wish to go

snapshots of pain
flashing everywhere
just below the surface
of mangled
reconstruction &
events

shadow world of
surreal art &
artifice

where we heal ourselves
with the magic of what it is
we will never
really know

certainly uncertain
that we may never win
but can never lose

how many times must we
take the silver bullet to be
unborn again

how many times must we expire
to satisfy the delirious
rage that drives the dream

thorns make the rose

heaven a question
only raised
in hell

D'lyla K. Ravyn

archaic lantern

The Vintage Spirit carries through the Ages,
memoirs of previous vitality.

The knowledge that life does not begin
in the uterus.
It begins eons away,
beyond the extensions of speculation.

The vessel is forgetful
but the life force recalls each existence as
a passing hour,
a quiet glance,
a psychic fingerprint upon glass.

Each transition ignites the archaic lantern.

The cerebral cortex unleashes its silver cord.
Unwinding a suspension of consciousness,
inside the time capsule of amniotic fluid.

Isolated infants of creation,
they choose amnesia over the correlation
between binary stars and flowers in June.
The odyssey is more significant
than the destination.

Juniper filled the sweat lodge,
as the Sage spoke
Tales of Tribal Genesis
and how the only sacrament is that
of aboriginal love.

Each birth is but a wrinkle in time.

John Dorsey

dare i say it

the mere thought of
cultural revolution makes
me giggle like a
schoolgirl in some comic
book nerd's anime version
of the american dream
whether it's televised or
not

or simply jacked off
to

i'm tired of flirting
with a country
that won't even get
off the couch long
enough to dangle the
carrot

Witty Walker

Sons of America's Storm

Have you seen the storm on America's face
When she mourns her sons
Murdered on Sacrifice Avenue
Where political sacrifices run?
Where the difference between the murdered and the murderer
Is merely the speech of tongue?
Both poor
Both scared
Both killing for their lives;
Innocent and young.

Well I've seen the storm on America's face
When she mourns her sons
Murdered on Sacrifice Avenue
Where political sacrifices run.
Seen rain pour from her face
Darkness blacken her smile
I've heard her scream
A thunderous roar
Quivering and loud.
Tears of thee
Drowned by promises
Later to be found.
Life's one hell of a storm for America when she's lost a child.

Her fallen soldier's hand
Rests over HER left breast
Pledging allegiance to her government
Who trades oil with death.

And so her anguish blows in winds
Throwing blame around
Spiraling patriotism too and fro
Before crashing it to the ground
Her touch once warm enough
To bless
The homeless with aid
Now colder than the tombstones
That bare her soldiers' names.

For take away the moon
She'll travel to it to light her steps
Take away the trees
She'll make bonfires with the twigs left
But take America's sons
And she will freeze to death...

Mitchell Hutchinson

untitled

Sometimes the earth starts to move so slow, we over analyze which way to go

More often then not our earth will move too fast and you tremble at the thought this love won't last

Sometimes the motion of the earth is enough to make you nauseous, and then the sickness makes you anxious and over cautious

And at times the earth will pressure you to make a decision and makes people, out of fear, conform to religion

But sometimes you can enjoy the ride as the world spins, and you can smile profusely ...as it ends

Evan J. Peterson

homemade spider

Hunger doesn't tickle a belly

as a spider's belly tickles silk cords-

it scratches, and then rakes, and soon carves.

A spider is the pinnacle

of patience, hungry but quiet, no rush.

She sets her exquisite threads and meditates.

Therefore a spider I'm not.

Yearning pokes at me constantly,

in my car, at work, on line at the post office.

I usually get enough to eat,

but rarely get enough to touch;

I'm too often starved for fingers on my belly.

Plying myself with tasks,

I find alternatives to brooding.

I gather arachnids, displacing the poor things.

I pluck them from the web,

wasting the lives of the moths

sure to stumble into that sleek, sticky curtain.

I place the creatures in jars,

later releasing them into my home

looking forward to their additions to the decor.

Soon the futon, the blender,

and the antique mirror will be foggy,

enveloped in white, bedewed with dead flies.

Perhaps by then I'll have met

a young man similarly fascinated,

with tiny webs tattooed between his fingers.

He'll splay his hands, and stack

them on my underfed skin, crocheting

a design not unlike a web there on my stomach.

And then I'll gather him up

in my arms and legs, and we'll look

like one fleshy spider, eight limbs, four eyes.

Fearless 63

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Music that Aided in the Production of the Issue:

the Cure ~ 17 Seconds
Marianne Faithfull ~ Before the Poison
Marvin Gaye ~ What's Going On
Arto Lindsay ~ Salt
Morphine ~ Like Swimming & Cure for Pain
Notwist ~ Neon Golden
Nujabes ~ Modal Soul & Metaphorical Music

Benedico Whitehart

this rainbow

this eye thunder comes
wonder in your sight I cry
rain drop
circle of love released

sewn pieces
I see the the world
fingers upon one so small
given away

by this colour charged way
I stand
swimming in the earth
leaves waving breaking the shore

whirlwind dragonfly mind
skillfully brought to bare
reflecting in this window
the rainbow

Kevin Hibshman

morphine

the thump thump dry hump
of the bass bumping
like slow-drip intoxication
rumbling low and making gold
in my veins

the voice reeks of no sleep,
fast sex and cigarettes
smoked to the filter
a futile quest no cure for pain

the sandman cometh
cute yet cunning and he can
almost drown you in
a pool of hypnotic
musical shapes